# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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## Original Poetry.

### LINES

WRITTEN BESIDE MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sun has set:
My sun, my sire, my guide, my all is ending,
My pilgrim at some wayside sister bending.
I linger yet.

Sad and alone,
I see none more to devote of old home pleasures,
Father, mother, all the hoverland treasures,
Of my dear home.

A child again,
I ask thee, mother, for thy evening blessing,
Long have strayed in the cold world's heartless throng,
To soothe each pain.

Nor can I prove
Lightly weigh the cold world's heartless selfishness,
Empty praise, and words of friendly seeming,
Against thy love.

A mother's love!
Memory still calls up its tones of trembling,
Long we prize the last fond spoken blessing,
All else above.

The humble record
Though the dust stone to hid beneath it,
Never lie, while summer flowers shall wreath it,
Love-hallowed ground.

There set not here:
While I serve as anything, weak and lowly,
Since I kneel beside the tombstone holy,
To drop a tear.

Daylight is gone
Father, bewildered, I feel that bound me:
Never keep watch, the weaver night is round me,
I'm here alone.

Drying each tear,
Leave the graves of their rude stronghold,
Wrestle with earth's cares a little longer,
Then rest me here.

L. M. TENNEY

February, 1853.

## Original Novelet.

### CLARA MORELAND;

OR,

### ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMILY PETERSON,
AUTHOR OF "VIOLA," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "FEMALE SPY," "ROSALIE DU PONT," ETC., ETC.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Kenrick Stewart, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

THE RANCHO.

It is needless for me to detail our progress day by day in pursuit of the freebooters. Suffice it to say original design of encamping each night where they had encamped the night previous, and we had wither to be very cautious, lest we might be discovered by scouts of the enemy, or encounter the roving bands of Comanches, over the eastern portion of whose hunting ground we were to pass for several days together. The trail of the bandits crossed the Colorado Hills and the Colorado River, above Austin, the capital of Texas, and though now a southerly course, avoiding all settlements, and much of the way, as before remarked, passing over the wildest portion of the Cis-Colorado Range.

Scarcely a day passed that we were not compelled to turn from some stream—and often to cut our way through dense thickets of chaparral, which grew in the bottoms of the streams, in order to find an ford—but there was always some one ready to do the work, and we had additionally done.

At the last we had followed not directly the course of the bandits, but had crossed their trail, and so we perceived a couple of scattered huts, which, by and from the fact that the main building, within the walls, we naturally came to the conclusion that our friends and enemies were quartered for the night. Indeed, when we made the discovery, was on rising the brow of a ridge, and the roads, which here was nearly half a mile distant, was in the centre of a cultivated clearing; consequently, though we could see what was taking place there, we ran little or no risk of being seen ourselves.

"The rancho, by yonder, without doubt," said Harley, drawing a breath, and keeping his eye steadily fixed upon the rancho.

"At last, then, we have landed them to a burrow," signed I, thinking of Clara.

"It is a burrow, indeed," said Walter, "for such a tramp would leave no trail behind."

In truth we were in a sad plight—our clothes dirty and ragged, having been nearly torn away by the thorns of the chaparral through which we had passed, our faces long—our feet sore, swollen and sore—and our hands arms, face, neck, body and legs, scarcely without a scratch for the use of our pocket.

"And what is to be done now?" was the next question asked; and it was a hard one to answer, and to make the decision, that we should remain where we were till after nightfall, and then set forward and carefully reconnoitre the rancho, and endeavor to ascertain for a certainty whether it contained the persons we were seeking or not.

Accordingly, we seated ourselves on the horses, and, still chatting, and occasionally jesting to make our evening meal on some meat which we had roasted the day previous, and since carried with us, we awaited the necessity of making a fire in any place where the safety of such a proceeding should be considered doubtful.

The sun went down in a bright bed of golden yellow, and the whole scene before us gradually faded away, and became lost in darkness. For an hour longer we sat conversing in low tones, the subject of course being that which lay nearest our hearts.

"And should this prove to be D'Estaing's band of ruffians, what are we to do?" inquired Walter, anxiously.

"Let us ascertain that first," answered Harley, "and then meet how to counsel on future operations. Providence has wonderfully aided us so far—let us not prove unworthy by failing to trust something to Providence now."

"I would I knew in what part of the country we are," said I.

"That we may not know till some one tells us," rejoined Harley. "Come! I think we can venture forward now in safety. If by any chance we become separated, remember this spot must be our rendezvous. Hark!"

As the last word was uttered, a strain of lively music came floating up to us on the still air from the rancho.

"That sounds of merry-making," said I.

"A fandango," retorted Walter.

"Fine forces us," observed Harley; "and so, while the dance is going on, let us forward and reconnoitre."

We set off accordingly; and in the course of a quarter of an hour approached the rancho with great caution. The house was still in full blast, the air quick and inspiring, and we could hear the feet of the dancers keeping regular time; while the constant hum of voices, and every now and then a soft, melodious laugh which also greeted our ears, told us that many were here collected of both sexes.

But though we could distinctly hear, we could not see a living soul: for the rancho was surrounded by an adobe wall, some twelve or fifteen feet high. We crept up to the wall in the most stealthy manner, and cautiously made its entire circuit, without finding a crevice through which we could get a single glimpse of the dancers. We could hear the voices of many speaking together, which prevented our distinguishing anything that was said; though we could make out that there were two distinct parties—one of whom spoke English and the other Spanish—and that each, in trying to pay the other a compliment, by addressing him in the language not his own, unwittingly produced a jargon worthy of Babel.

Having listened as long as we thought necessary or prudent, we silently withdrew to a safe distance, in order to hold a consultation, and decide on what should be our next proceedings.

"Well," said Harley, in a low tone, "I have no doubt that D'Estaing and his men, or at least a portion of them, are in the house: and that they are there united for the present, if not permanently, with another band of out-throats of Mexican origin."

"This being granted," said Walter, "what are we to do to effect the liberation of my father and sister?"

"Nothing, of ourselves alone, while they remain in such force," replied Harley.

"Which seems equivalent to saying that we were journeyed hither in vain," said I, dejectedly.

"Well, that may or may not be; but I think that latter," rejoined my friend.

"Have you anything to propose?" asked Walter, anxiously.

"Yes, I have two propositions to lay before you."

"Go on."

"The first is, that we take up our quarters in the neighborhood, and that one person remain on the watch. It is possible that this rancho may for the present be used as a rendezvous, and that the captives will be brought here after a much longer journey than we have made. Now, if such a large body of armed men will not long remain idle; and whether they have their prisoners or take them with them, by remaining where we can watch their movements, we shall be better enabled to act for the best, than by any other course. If the prisoners are left behind under a small guard, it is possible, by watching, to find out a favorable opportunity to rush upon them, and, by taking them by surprise, overpower them: and if they are taken with them, by remaining where we can watch their movements, we shall be better enabled to act for the best, than by any other course. If the prisoners are left behind under a small guard, it is possible, by watching, to find out a favorable opportunity to rush upon them, and, by taking them by surprise, overpower them: and if they are taken with them, by remaining where we can watch their movements, we shall be ready to follow the whole party as we have done heretofore, and determine our future actions by present circumstances. This is my first proposition."

"And a more hopeful one than I had thought could be suggested," said Walter.

"Now for the second proposition," said I.

"The second is," resumed Harley, "that we at once set off and seek for a force equal to their own, and with this come upon them suddenly and overpower them."

"But where can we find such a force to aid us?" queried I, in surprise and some dismay, for the reply should prove that the mind of my friend was again wandering.

"In the light horse of Austin," I think such force might be found with Taylor's army."

"Taylor's army!" echoed both Walter and myself in the same breath. "Are you mad, dear Morton," continued I, fixing my friend's earnestly between my eyes, "or have you forgotten that we are in the heart of Mexico, three days' journey from Austin, and that Taylor's army is at Monterey, and that, too, separated from us by a desert, and by a country swarming with the most ferocious banditti in the world?"

"Taylor's army!" echoed both Walter and myself in the same breath. "Are you mad, dear Morton," continued I, fixing my friend's earnestly between my eyes, "or have you forgotten that we are in the heart of Mexico, three days' journey from Austin, and that Taylor's army is at Monterey, and that, too, separated from us by a desert, and by a country swarming with the most ferocious banditti in the world?"

"Nothing more likely," said Walter.

"Secondly," pursued Harley, "you will recollect that I said you, from the conversation overheard between D'Estaing and Garrucchi, that I judged their intended destination to be the frontier of Mexico: now would they be likely to stop short of their destination—at least any considerable distance—and idle away their time in revelry?"

"Ha! that is true," exclaimed Walter.

"Thirdly," continued my friend, "we know that there are many females in yonder rancho, and that it is not reasonable to suppose they belong there; and if they do not belong there, whence come they, unless from some near town? for neighbors here are scarce; and if from some near town, that town must be on the Rio Grande, for there can be no other in this vicinity."

"I am convinced," rejoined Walter, "that your conclusions are well founded. Now then to act accordingly. In the first place, you being right in your surmises, there must be a road, or at least a mule-path, leading from the rancho to the town in question; and therefore let it be our first care to find this out and follow it, till we chance upon some one from whom we can gather correct information, both as to the name of the town and the exact position of, and distance by, the American army."

"I see nothing to object to this," replied Harley.

"With all due respect for your surmises and plans," said I, "I think there is one important conjecture that should be made a certainty before we act as if it were so—for this is truly the keystone to the whole arch of your calculations."

"Ha! well, what is it, Harry?" said Harley.

"Why, you have taken it for granted that the bandits we seek, and their captives, are within yonder rancho. Now if this should prove to be another party—"

"Ha! by my life!" interrupted Harley—"I see we have taken too much for granted. We must be certain this is D'Estaing's band, Walter, ere we make an effort against them; otherwise we may let the real villains and our friends escape."

"True! true!" answered Walter: "but how are we to ascertain this fact in time to be of any benefit to us?"

"I have a plan," said I. "In passing around the wake of the rancho, I observed a stack of timber leaning against one, by which I think I could mount to the top and get a view of what is taking place within."

"But this would put your life in peril," said Harley, anxiously.

"It has been in peril a long time, my friend," I replied: "and we cannot hope to defeat our end [illegible] save our friends unless we run risks."

After some further discussion, it was settled that I should immediately proceed to put my plan in execution—cautioning me, however, to be very prudent and cautious, and exacting from my friends a promise that, should I be taken in case I should by any accident again fall into the hands of my enemies, they would not attempt a rescue without sufficient force; but instantly depart and seek succor, without appearing to any nearer to the rancho than I reached the rancho and climbed to the top of the wall, without meeting with any accident.

Here I found, what I had hoped would be the case, that from the wall I could get no view of the portion within the walls of the building or the rancho here formed an inner wall about sixfeet distant from the other, and the dance was apparently taking place on the open ground, and in an uncovered area. And besides, I could not see from the top of the wall to the ground, that the corners were flanked with circular bastions; I could see the glare of the lights, though not the lights themselves, and hear the music, the tread of feet, and a loud hum of conversation, but having ascertained these facts, I judged, but prudently enough, to venture still further.

With this intent, I soon discovered that one corner of the building projected within the rest of me; and standing up, and leaning over, I managed to clamber upon it. Here I could see a better effect, during which I came now being precipitated to the ground below, I succeeded in clambering upon it. Here I could see over the flat roof to the opposite side, I saw but a few of what I had sought.

The area, formed by the surrounding building, was large, and in this, standing in a circle, were perhaps a hundred persons of both sexes, watching the motions of some ten or twelve others who were dancing in the centre. Torches and large resinous pieces of wood in the bright light thus made, I recognized several of the villainous faces of Warncliff's detachment—but could not see him or D'Estaing. The females, of whom there appeared to be about twenty in all, were mostly young, and dressed in white—and many of them were extremely good-looking. Their dark skins, like a rich and even brown, proclaimed them of Mexican or Spanish origin and the beautiful forms of those in the dance, actually moved with a grace and ease that could not have disgraced a fashionable ballroom of our own country.

While I was yet looking, the music ceased, and the last breaths of my [illegible] and while another was [illegible] and the dancers from one to another, and just at this instant I became spell-bound by the sound of Warncliff's voice.

"Come along!" he said, roughly; "you must dance with me, and there is no use of wishing about! I am master here, and will be obeyed."

There was a low, tremulous reply—the words I did not hear—but the tones seemed to thrill through every nerve and fiber of my body! I could not mistake the voice among a thousand others, and I felt the force of what Harley had just said, that the speakers seemed to be under me—but yet I could not see them. In my excited state of mind, I impatiently jumped down—and my head and leaned forward. But alas! in doing so, I leaped instead of finding I must go down, I made a spring, and landed in the very midst of the freebooters and their associates.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

I FROM IMPENDING DEATH TO A BURDEN.

Had an angel suddenly descended from Heaven into the midst of that circle, I doubt that those who recognized me would have been more terrified.

"A ghost! a ghost!" they shouted, with blanched faces, while the females drew back, with stricken of alarm.

A scene of general confusion ensued—every one seeming surprised, if not terrified—during which I could distinguish the cries of

"The rancho is attacked!"

"Seize the stranger!"

"Shoot him down!"

"No! no! don't fire!—it's a ghost!—it's the man that was hung!"

I had alighted on my feet; and though considerably jarred, was not injured: and with perfect presence of mind I drew my pistols, and looked eagerly around, in the hope that I might, by taking advantage of the alarm and confusion, in some miraculous manner effect my escape. Through what appeared to be the mists dividing me from the existence of the scene, ready, whenever a battle is fought, to come in for the best share of the plunder; but too cowardly to attempt to take it from an equal or encompassed foe."

## Foreign Letter.

### A VISIT TO IRELAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Dublin and Kingstown—Impressions on Reaching Dublin—Sights—Statues—Scenery—Kingstown—Dublin Bay—Howth—Kingstown and Holyhead—Steamers and Railways.

Dublin has the reputation of being one of the dullest cities in Christendom. Though my short stay there did not enable me to verify it, I can easily conceive that a longer residence would not increase indifference, unless one had opportunities for testing the friendliness, sociability, hospitality and of the inhabitants. With this, no one could become initiated. The few days that I spent there were marked by so much rainy weather, that I look back at Dublin as one of the most drowning of cities. But if one looks for health and activity, he will be disappointed. No ships are lying in the harbor; the quays are innocent of bales and boxes, and the streets do not swarm with buyers and sellers. The petty retail business that goes on there, is done in a quietly dull manner, chiefly from Bond Street, Liverpool, would die of envy. Though not loaded by so many fine shops and warehouses as Liverpool or Glasgow, it is not inferior to them in the elegance of its buildings. Its postoffice is a commodious edifice, such as any other city in the kingdom, and the principal one, Sackville Street, is spacious. The only capacity for business, in the finest I have ever seen. But the business is not there to fill it. One may saunter as carelessly as he pleases, and not run the fear of being carried off his feet by the crowds, or in danger of being run down by coachmen, as in Broadway or the Strand.

Dublin has something upon which she can pride herself, more than upon her broad streets: her spacious Park. Oh, ye Philadelphians, who are so fond of the Park, compare it with Phœnix Park contains two very notable objects —at one extremity stands the Vice-Regal Palace, the residence of her Majesty's representative; at the other, the Zoological Gardens, the residence of the royal Bengal tiger and other wonders.

When one has but a short time to stay in a place, it is the common custom to advise him not to waste the hours of things to interfere with the great objects of his travels, to see wherever he is to be seen. Now, it would have been more congenial to my feelings to have returned to my lodgings by the prettiest street I could find, but, instead of that, I passed through the St. Giles's, the Five-Dials of Dublin. I thought that I had found the climax of poverty and misery in my walks through London. I certainly had found the climax of degradation. But that I saw not in seven streets, more dilapidated houses, more broken windows, more piles of clothing, to hide the nakedness of nature, than the most hideous dream would picture. The only business that was carried on seemed to be in old furniture and old clothes, and some of the streets were fringed with old garments and rags, suspended in their original integrity, as well as their original quantity. There was all variation of furniture, whose condition could they be told, would give a chronological history of the changes of fashion for the last century. Many articles of old clothing and furniture would not have to blush at their exposure in any city in America. The former would be exchanged in a day or two, for a letter to the Sex. Doubtless there was a demand for them. Nothing else could account for the appearance of so many children in the streets. Every nook and corner swarmed with them. If Dublin could be taken as a type of Ireland, I think the fears that are entertained for the future regard to the increase of misery in their country, might be considered entirely groundless.

But planted as the sight of children is to me in general, I could not cheer myself with their sight in this country. I never encountered so few; more than not to be. What is the cause of all this scantiness? That I cannot say. One thing I can say, however, that it cannot be attributed to intemperance. In this quarter of Dublin, drinking-houses are very rare. In one street in London I saw less than appeared pretty, but more degradation. Such is the fact. I was in a place in Dublin where I did not care to show a pocket-book in broad daylight. To use a Yorkshire expression, there was a "scarce of thieves" among men and women in the streets, and in the gin-palaces. But in Dublin I saw none of this degradation, which, however, criminal look, that is more painful to see than the extremity of filth and destitution. Dublin, altogether, is more to be detested by drunk-dogs than any other large town in the kingdom, thanks to Father Mathew, as the steadfast faithfulness of his disciples. A fire mission walk from the poor quarter, brought me out upon St. Stephen's Square, an open space of nearly twenty acres, full of flowers and beautiful shrubbery, and ornamented with a marble statue. I seemed transported to another world. A world, too, between which and the lower there was little intercourse. Were the dwellers in those stately mansions not wretched. Their looks would forbid such a thought. Their beautiful figures, and see the opulent and ease ease in the distance.

Dublin, it is said, has two beautiful cemeteries. I visited only one of them; I found it vast, and well kept. Nowhere, in Christendom have I found cemeteries that so American can call beautiful. I was attracted to this cemetery, not with the hope of seeing anything remarkably elegant, but because I wished to see the resting-place and monument of a man whom I had admired while living—O'Connell. His monument is not such as a grateful people, framing much in esteemed marks of respect, should erect to his memory. It is a plain pyramid, surmounting a vault in which lie the remains of the great Agitator. It has erected a few steps and look upon the gigantic coffin that contains his mortal dust. What a mighty spirit was that, and how quickly has his memory faded away. The wrecks that hang upon private tombs, hang not upon his. The grounds around part of the vast of sorrow.—*Exchange Paper.*

If it was Thomas Jefferson or John Q. Adams, in one of his congressional speeches, that the first road runs during which he occupied the President's chair, he would have said: "Stop, gentlemen of life-life.

A BEAUTIFUL COUPLET.

The rain of sorrows and that pain alone,
Unless to know we have a Saviour is unknown.

If Aristobulus, the American Philosopher, being asked by the tyrant, Dionysius, what kind of a government he thought the best, said Iphikrates, replied: "The one carries a bow and arrow, while the other carries a 'on and lance.—*Exchange.*

The Gazette of Cincinnati says, we observed a fish-hook fell to the floor. Intended to a house, on the levee—the heads coolly pitching back her into the river. When the river falls, they feed well for on the wharf.

If Herodotus makes mention of a nation, whose inhabitants had the custom of measuring upon the birth of a child, on account of the uncertainty of this life, and to feast and rejoice at the death, as being a rest from toil and labor.

If The following recipe for a cold is going the rounds of the papers: "Take a pint bowl of the worth of liquorice, and three cents' worth of camphor, and put them in a stone jug and fill with water, simmer them till thoroughly dissolved and then throw cents' worth of paregoric, and a little quantity of antimony, and put in a cup and sip whenever the cough is troublesome.—Take about a fifteen cents, and it is *said* to be infallible."

If Bridges and watchmen people generally take their police to direct thieves, and the only real world insects are the gayest in rain to.

If In Sermon they carry round gas: is candle-sticks.

If An improved car-seat has been invented by William R. Warren, of Newtown, Ct., who has taken measures to secure a patent. He has upon a persons may adjust the coat in a manner to patron. If you are offered a fine for anything to the times, for poverty which you would like to turn into cash, sell it. If you do not, your particularly about asking it. Be sure to tell the title begins to turn or waver. So long as prices are going up, you need not give your notice much uneasiness; but if they once begin to fall, you may take it as a tolerably sure indication that the top of the market is pretty nearly reached for the next ten or fifteen years.

GEN. PIERCE.—The President elect appeared in both fields of Congress on the 26th, and was received and complimented in both places by a crowds of members and visitors.

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.—John Bright, in a speech delivered at Rochdale, on the Russian question, says in this country, it is not in an article of luxury, but in an article of necessity, that the taxation has been increased. Take the article of tea. Some years ago, the Duchess of Sutherland, who was then Countess Gower, in recent violation of the Master Builders' Act, visited a dark dwelling on several visits, and found that the dwelling was divided into three rooms towards the sun, owing to a cunning contrivance of the landlord. Was not this a case in the North Pole? That would be a n-fair for the gentle and glorious republic to be placed in the Gas Gas. Gas, as is unfortunately, still of the tweeds, ranges and stews, be worth? It is not reasonable to believe that Great Britain has been so unfortunate as to have the Lord Mayor of London, who is elected in a free country, and great struggles for increased political liberty, and for the increased improvement of the institutions of the country.

Mr. Scobie Barker says that the Duchess of Sutherland is the most unpopular woman in England. No one can bring a charge of oppression—that she is remarkable for her active benevolence, and charged with the most munificent charities, and the conduct of many high born persons. We have not heard of this extraordinary lady since, for while the Duchess of Sutherland always has been reputed one of the most beautiful of a woman, as well as the Peer of the Realm of whom Mr. Norton has borne such noble testimony in the following lines:

"Then gave me that the poor do give the poor,
To sons of famine, by misfortune beset;
Then gave to me, what women seldom show,
Pity for those who suffer and forget.

When clustered and maligned, I stood apart,
Then gave me kindly words, poorer bath wrong, not cruelest, my heart.

"Then, then, when cowards tried away my name,
When all the world was loud with my shame,
Then gave to me, what women seldom show,
And some, who might have battled for my sake,
And if, in doubt, to see what turn the world would take—

"Then gave to me that the poor do give the poor,
To sons of famine, by misfortune beset;
The bread, the tone of him world do no more.
Who shame and sorrow, and the cold world years,
But clung the closer when I stood forlorn,
And shielded me from the unforgiveness scorn.

"For they who credit crime, are they who feel
Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin;
Measure our judgment, prompts the thoughts which steal
Of sins inside the lines, on easy forth to win;
Most readily by those who have themselves done so.

* But like a white swan down a troubled stream,
Whose ruffling pinion hath the power to fling
Aside the rudest waves that round it beat,
And near the loneliness of her misery
Sailed on, unmoved, and with a queenly pride
Along the world's dark waters in purity dost glide.

"Thy pale and pearly cheek was never made
To blush for shame, or tremble for a word,
Thou did'st not shrink—of bitter tongues afraid,
Nor hear the hiss of the world's cruel tone;
To thee the end denial still held true,
For thou the very good thoughts thy heart in mercy drew.

* And though my faint and trembrey rhymes
Add nothing to the glory of thy day,
Yet every poet honors that other deems
Shall set some value on his name to say.
Then, for the sake of my own kindred kind,
Among the many such with which thy life is mixed,

"In whom these lines, made in a manful hour,
A stream of thee, accused by fancy's power,
Will find a sympathy, and will not blame
And deny who never saw my lovely dame,
Bless, in return, the gift I give to guess!"

THE CALORIC SHIP.—The "Ericsson" is said to have worked admirably on her recent trip to Alexandria, notwithstanding the terrible weather she encountered. Her builders, Messrs. Ericsson and Pierce, is available conjunction, in company with many naval officers, who saw the vessel under favorable circumstances, and were very favorably. The amount of coal consumed was very small, and the engine worked with steam vessel of the same power. There is no danger of explosion in the Ericsson,—for her boilers are of the greatest strength. And we are glad to see that it is all. Captain Ericsson will have to be let alone, however, to work out his plans.

"A complete revolution in the means of steam navigation and locomotion is anticipated by the Scientific American from the use of caloric engines. It has, it is said, succeeded in constructing an engine which will use the expansion of water by electro-magnetism, which will intensify the pulp or vapor sufficiently to enable the way to save all the expense of fuel! He invented, it is said, by Mr. R. J. Rogers, a practical engineer, and a company has subscribed the capital stock of $1,000,000. Applications have been adopted to secure patents in all other countries. Mr. R. J. Rogers, a practical life merchant of this city, has just started to the United States, and will probably be here before we at Turin, to the head of the Patent Office at Washington.

THE AMERICAN PIANOS.—Unable ourselves to attend the private entertainment given last week by the distinguished pianoforte manufacturer, Mr. Gottschalk, to the editors of the city, we were not present, nor consequently are we in a position to say how the instruments of Mr. Chickering in doing this, as there appears to be but one opinion among the guests, that Chickering's everywhere were spoken of as evincing the highest abilities. The "North American" says:—"In the style of touch, the qualities are clear, silvery, strong and sonorous, or low and sweet, just as the occasion may require, and in every instrument he is equally admirable. The piano which produced the most warm sensation was that of Chickering & Sons. Its arrangement is highly original, and, as executed by the sable artist, seemed to be the result of the magic of the soldiers, the rallying call of the trumpets, the booming cannon, and rattling roar of musquetry; a vivid idea of the battle which the piece is concluded with a marvel of the most delicate and harmonious execution in perfect harmony, and with entire distinctness, the two national airs—Yankee Doodle and Hail Columbia."

A FAIR FIRE DEPARTMENT.—The meeting in favor of this great reform is described as a large and imposing one; and, probably, of the most interesting character. If you are afraid of fire you have in favor of the object of the meeting, and the guardians of the Angels—and to be served from each a certificate, confirming his account of the fire's death. Fat-similes or the like will be received with favor.

THE FACING RAILROAD.—After trying during several sessions to resolve upon some unconnected and extravagant project, the Senate finally settled down to the Facing Railroad. Its intention to have the various routes surveyed, estimated, and reported to the next Legislature. Why, even the Indians never set out in a hurry upon an important undertaking, but call a council, and smoke the pipe of peace. Let us hope that the same wisdom will have prompted the committee in this matter, before the proper data for a conclusion are obtained. Let us not have a repetition of the Portage Railroad business—the world has a natural tendency yet before it.

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| D | 500 |
| O | 0 |
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## Miscellaneous.

### BURIED CITIES.

The foreign journals appear as of several important discoveries in Egypt, and other countries, which have been recently made in Italy and in Egypt. In the latter country a new city—if we can call that new which was old in the age of the Pharaohs—has been found, buried in the sands of the desert. It is said to be situated on Arab, stumbling upon something like the head of a sphynx projecting from the soil, removed the surrounding sand, and found himself in the midst of a splendid city, having obtained authority from the Pasha, who, with his wonted avidity for gain, has built to work with a corps of laborers, and soon laid bare a distance of sixteen hundred yards, and a breadth of one hundred. Houses have been exhumed, among others no less than thirty-eight immense granite sarcophagi, each weighing about seventy tons, the repositories, obviously, of the ashes of sacred animals. The street is also remarkable for presenting an extraordinary spectacle, especially when lighted up at night.

In Italy, besides numerous busts of the Emperor Adrian and members of his family, found in the Villa, numerous statues of Venus have been unearthed, one of exceedingly rich and beautiful architecture, statues, vases, &c., and a number of tombs, one of them containing a leaden bodies, two of which had waxen heads or faces, with glass eyes—a circumstance which is said to give a hint upon the subject to the Chairman of the Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations, Mr. Benton. Several still richer discoveries are the price of Liberty!

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## New Publications.

THE DEMON OF CRIMES: A TALE OF REVOLUTION AND REVENGE. By WM. M. F. ROUND. Author of "The Demon Daughter," "The Foster Sister," "Rhoderick," &c. This is considered by many characters the best work of the author. Published by Sherwood's advertising and brilliant novels, and the publication of which has been looked for with interest, finished from the cassette of temptation to the innumerable religious fads, and enthusiasms of the day, and from the fanaticism and piety of her affections, interests our sympathies, and carries us through the various scenes in which vicious and vice keep up a perpetual struggle. The upright and wholly unselfish character of Ellen Grafton, the wife of Edward Grafton, the hero of a novel, which has been laid here for a distance of sixteen hundred yards, and a breadth of one hundred. Houses have been exhumed, among others no less than thirty-eight immense granite sarcophagi, each weighing about seventy tons, the repositories, obviously, of the ashes of sacred animals. The street is also remarkable for presenting an extraordinary spectacle, especially when lighted up at night.

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# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1853.

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No. 66 South Third Street,
Between Market and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.
Every description of Printing executed with neatness, accuracy, and on the most reasonable terms.
DELACOR & PETERSON, Proprietors.

## Congressional.

### SENATE.

On the 21st, the Senate took up the Senate's message on the President, in reply to a resolution calling for a copy of the correspondence with the Government of the Sandwich Islands, relative to the cession of the Hawaiian Islands to France.

Messrs. Seward, Gwinn, Borland, Dodge, of Iowa, Pearce, and Bell engaged in the discussion.

Mr. Bell said he was sorry to see so little time for those waiting to give precedence to any measure which might be offered by others.

Mr. Bell—I would like to know something of the character of the bill.

Mr. Pearce said it was the usual appropriation bill, prepared by the Secretary of the Navy, and would have passed the House almost unanimously, naval vessels to some amount having been ordered to the Sandwich Islands, on the President's message, by a majority of two.

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### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 21st, the House took up the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation bill, the question being on the amendments reported from the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, the pending question being on those concurred in on motion.

The amendments concurred in were numerous, but unimportant, and were agreed to without debate.

The amendments not concurred in were also numerous, but were disposed of without debate, except the following:

Mr. Kennedy, Superintending Clerk of the Census, moved to concur in the amendment increasing the compensation of the Superintendent of the Census from $3,000 to $4,000.

Mr. Horace reported the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation bill, with the amendments of the Senate and the Amendments that he passed under the charge of the House, and moved the previous question on the bill and amendments.

Mr. Stanton, of Kentucky, moved to lay the whole Tarbox resolution down during our visit to the Fair to the Crystal Palace, and the Committee rose and reported the bill with the amendments.

The bill was then postponed, and four private bills were passed.

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## Selected Poetry.

### THE REAPER.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I have, I have to see
Bright coral gleams through the heal:
I'll pull a ripely-tinted bunch
In the reaper's sunny heal.

The loftiest and the purest
Are fraught with grief and wrath;
But the display is near with the orphan's tear,
And the blood-stain on the heath.

I have to see the field
That the sweet vetch purple eats;
But not where bullet, sword and shield,
Are meaters with gory dirt.

No, no; 'tis where the ear
Shoots down its rich-full beam,
Till the rich and ripened corn-stems rise
On the vineyard north it stream.

My glowing heart leap high
At the sight of ribbing gay,
But it is not the wheel the miner's eye
Delightedly hailed.

A brighter wealth by far
Than the deep mine's yellow ore
Is sure bound, in the fearful harvest-year
To the warrior of burnished gore.

Look forth, ye toiling sons;
Though little ye possess,
Be not star-dazzle is not worth,
To know that little less.

Let the song of praise be poured,
In gratitude and joy,
By the rich men with his garners stored,
And the ragged gleaner boy.

The feast that wathers gives
Is not for one alone—
'Tis shared by the numerous slaves that live,
And the tenant of a throne.

Then glory to the sun,
That shines in the reaper's hand;
And thanks to the earth that's formed the sod
And nurtures the harvest land!

## Selected Sketch.

### RUSSIAN JUSTICE.

There is much analogy in Russia between the administration of justice and that of the police. Most of the Russian laws are excellent; unfortunately the intentions of the law-givers are less often maintained by the conduct of those appointed to administer them. It is not denied that in every country the right working of the laws depends entirely on their administration; and here is the weak point where Russia's imperfect state of civilization is most plainly manifested. The administration of justice is also rendered doubly difficult by the circumstance that the whole Russian legal code consists of a mass of statutes, which, in the progress of centuries, has accumulated such enormous proportions, that hundreds of magistrates would hardly suffice to interpret it. Amongst those whose are entirely ferred away which contradict each other, and (especially of late years) a new statute has not always sustained a clause expressly annulling those in a contrary sense, and of earlier date. Hence the most important branch of Russian jurisprudence became a knowledge of all these contrary statutes, since the due production of one of remote date often caused the decision of a tribunal to be diametrically opposed to what it would have been according to the decree more generally known and commonly acted upon. The Emperor Nicholas, discerning this great evil, appointed, immediately after his accession to the throne, a special commission for revision, whose task it was to sort all these contrary statutes, to arrange them and bring them into keeping with each other, and, finally, out of the heterogeneous and discordant mass, to form one appropriate and harmonious whole, and a law. The work was completed several years ago, and the result was more than twenty folio volumes. A second commission was then appointed, and has ever since been toiling to reduce these comprehensive works to a more convenient size, and to a practically useful form. This, says by accomplishing, Russia may hope, in the time, to possess a regular code, worthy of the name, and supplying the wants that the country so long has felt.

Yet, even in their present state, the Russian laws are not only adapted to the spirit and character of the people, but are also, for the most part, humane, far more so than accords with popular opinion of Russia. Capital punishments and fees exist not. Stamps accepted, a lawsuit may be carried through, and decided, without citizen's himself to either of the parties concerned. So the law ordains. But how is practice? And at the very first step taking by the plaintiff in a cause, the client or secretary finds that the paper headed in is totally incorrect in its form, and politely requests that it may be drawn up a second time in a more regular manner. This is neither more nor less than an indirect demand for twenty rubles bance. The uninitiated in such matters, who finds his position (in Russia everything is a "position," perfectly regular, and insists upon its reception, may rest assured that it will be only shelved, and no remain; on the other hand, he will be initiated in the mysteries of Russian justice, receive by the imperfection of form a friendly hint, heading in their twenty rubles, by virtue of which they may rest assured that he exception will be taken to the form, and that their suit will be adjourned one stage. But it unfortunately happens that the law-suits are generally of some twenty or more such "petitions," each one of which must be weighted with the stamp ladies' duties of twenty rubles, so that, although exempt from legal charges, the gainer of a suit often finds himself out of pocket by the service the amount he has renewed. Whether or not the Russian officials adopt this mode of proceeding with friends and of legally robbing them is not much to the point; the system lends itself to such compromise, there can be no doubt that that is the end they attain.

It is a proverb in Russia, that "every rose gets his rights—who lives long enough," and the fact is, that it often here is difficult to obtain, but one's right, than to obtain its official recognition. Thus it happened that a certain person had duly won his bread, but his pecuniary resources were insufficient to get possession of the property. At length he had succeeded in doing so. He went to the magistrate who had had the decision of his affair, exposed to him the nature of his solicitor's purse, and begged, in reply, an exposition of the sumptuous difficulties which opposed themselves to the fulfillment of his wish, the presence of business, the fees to set his pocket-book and extracted from it a bank-note for fifty rubles, which he laid before him. One of the halves he handed to the man of law, and replaced the other in his pocket. "There halves," he was ridiculous sum, and one has to look of to. I consider naught as lost, it depends upon myself to restore that to me. I raise to those in your possession." On the morrow, this sagacious person had a call from a very friendly gentlemanly man, who made him the benevolent offer to exchange the much-desired judgment, which he had with him, for and legally drawn up, against the valueless halves of the bank-note.

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The humanity of Russian legislation has long since abolished capital punishment, with the sole exception of cases of high treason. Even after the great military uprising of 1825, only seven of the chief leaders of the crime were sentenced to death, and of these three were pardoned at the place of execution, and the other four underwent their sentence by being hanged. Formerly, however, the knout, which was used to be given to criminals before they were sent to the mines, was frequently applied to political offenders, and—knout" have become much identical idiots, that one is inclined to believe that the slightest influence of the knout may have been the most fearful of men under the frightful thong, which every police subaltern has the power to inflict at his caprice by the warrant of his own will. The fact is, that in Russia a criminal can be sentenced to the knout for a crime which punishment for those which in Germany would be punished by death, and each sentenced are never executed without the authorization from the Emperor himself, signed with his own hand. The number of blows authorized is also limited by the sentence, and the first often suffice to kill a man; nevertheless, instances have been known of the knout having inflicted death. Those also did the scene of justice (coupled with extreme severity) of that Czar possessions an equally terrible action, was on the person guilty of a certain offence which had been committed in the Emperor's presence. The offender was of a delicate nature, and very probably had excited the ears of the Czar in a distorted form. Nicholas was a fine sight, and he had pledged his word for the carrying out of the penalty, and had issued a concentrate of investigation, whose researches it was his duty to support. Before it was impossible, for the soul culprit to escape. To avert the knout was impossible, for the word of the emperor, a non-commissioned officer of the Preobrazensky grenadiers generously sacrificed himself for the man, and by the general call up as the guilty person. The nominator, who already had three misdemeanors, the sentence relieved from an opprobrious burden and responsibility. Examination and execution were accomplished. At the moment of inflicting the punishment covered the corporal punishment with a mere shadow of mockery, and the brave and generalist departed for Siberia, where he lived it shamelessness, until a cabinet-secretary, despatched by the Emperor, announced to him his pardon and his reward. The signature of his recall is said to have been the very first act of the young Czar.

Such arbitrary sentences are no longer passed, and the present Emperor ought to be ranked rather for his too great leniency, than for his severity. To this day, as regards the bureaucracy, the celebrated "Code of Peter the Great" is the most frequently find very appropriate employment. It is unlike that other codes and judges are the *parvis hominum*, the shame and scandal of the Russian Empire. The Emperor, who knows everything, but who cannot personally everything, does his utmost to abate the evil, and insists on important steps toward ameliorating the most erring abuses, by the appointment, some seven years ago, of the excellent Perovski, to the post of Minister of the Interior. Yet it is a question whether even this man of rare ability will succeed in opposing an effectual and permanent barrier to the flood of official corruption. Admirably qualified though he be for his Augean task, it may still be doubted whether he will escape the countless intrigues and cabals organized against him by the thousand-headed monster he has to attack, and which he threatens in its innermost intrenchments. In the way of officials he finds his bitterest enemies, against whose malice he is upheld only by the Emperor's favor, and by the hearty good wishes of the people, who prefer a rule of the Emperor's favor, and by the hearty good wishes of the people, who prefer a rule of the one their great gain in his steadfast exertions.

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## A HOUSE BATH A COUNTENANCE.

Those who have read twice upon Addison-ians, and particularly those of Dunning, have doubtless noticed the fact that the Spectator was killed in it, and it is very likely that only a comparatively few have been able to give their attention to the subject. Many have read it, and have been trying to imagine its intent, have been unsuccessful. It is not to be wondered at, for the principle of this article to make that idea conceivable to the mind. It is to be remembered, by a layof a hundred-fair minded and moderately accomplished people. What makes this difference? Why, "it is the soul and nothing else," replies the first man. They have minds which are of a higher order, and it is to them which you see, and not to trash the eye can seem to look upon. We will not stop this, but will proceed to the next one slightly. A Painter comes with his brush, or a Daguerrean, with his instrument, and they will put them several faces before you, and after a short pause, you will be giving spontaneous appear before us. Now we have two persons, one a Daguerrean, and the other represents one to us. All that you see as you look at the picture, is a piece of cloth or steel. Now the Daguerrean, represents the shape of features which these persons wear; yet these pictures are only the counterfeits of the originals, and no two persons guilty of a certain offence which had been committed in the Emperor's presence. The offender was of a delicate nature, and very probably had excited the ears of the Czar in a distorted form. Nicholas was a fine sight, and he had pledged his word for the carrying out of the penalty, and had issued a concentrate of investigation, whose researches it was his duty to support. Before it was impossible, for the soul culprit to escape. To avert the knout was impossible, for the word of the emperor, a non-commissioned officer of the Preobrazensky grenadiers generously sacrificed himself for the man, and by the general call up as the guilty person. The nominator, who already had three misdemeanors, the sentence relieved from an opprobrious burden and responsibility. Examination and execution were accomplished. At the moment of inflicting the punishment covered the corporal punishment with a mere shadow of mockery, and the brave and generalist departed for Siberia, where he lived it shamelessness, until a cabinet-secretary, despatched by the Emperor, announced to him his pardon and his reward. The signature of his recall is said to have been the very first act of the young Czar.

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## City Scenes.

### NOT TO BE HUMBUGGED.

CITY LADY.—Won't you allow me to take your hat, Gen ?"

TAKER COURT.—Take my hat! Jammelem! No! I thaven tell o' yer tricks in New York !"—*Lantern.*

## Wit and Humor.

A SHARP CORRESPONDENCE.—A contemporary says:—The pages of Punch rarely furnish such sharp wit and point as the correspondent then the following, which comes to us through the post-office, with an assurance that it actually passed between a respectable ladies of this city, the names being the only fictions in the whole :—

MRS. JONES TO MRS. SMITH.

Mrs. Jones regrets that Mrs. Smith has found it necessary to propagate the report that her child has the whooping cough in her house, and consequently that she can't allow her Willie to play with him, which experience knows to Mrs. Smith. Such a report is false and malicious; so anybody who knows Mrs. J. and her family will know it to be false. Mrs. J. suggests to Mrs. S. that before making assertions that will be found untrue and libelous, she should be certain that they are just.

MRS. SMITH IN REPLY TO MRS JONES.

Mrs. Smith's compliments to Mrs. Jones; and in reply to Mrs. Jones's impertinent note, would assure her that not being aware that there was a Mrs. J., and not knowing that she had ever had a little boy, nor that he had "dirt and things in his head," the inference is, that she did say, assert that such was the case, and further, not knowing that there was a Mrs. J., nor that her daughter-in-law was delivered of a fine boy, nor what was the condition of his head, she did not falsely and maliciously propagate the report that Mrs. J.'s son had a little boy who had "dirt and things in his head." Mrs. S. denying all malice, states that she did forbid her Willie playing with the boys in the street, because he was in the habit of getting dirt in his own head. Mrs. S. would suggest the probability that a wrong version of this injunction communicated to Mrs. J. by her "little boy," has been the means of wounding "a mother's heart."

PUT THAT IMPUDENT RASCAL OUT!—While the congregation were collecting at church, on a certain occasion, a child, fatal, fair-haired, with skin and bone individual, was seen wending his way with him, which experience knows to be false. "dirt and things in his head." Mrs. S. denying all malice, states that she did forbid her Willie playing with the boys in the street, because he was in the habit of getting dirt in his own head. Mrs. S. would suggest the probability that a wrong version of this injunction communicated to Mrs. J. by her "little boy," has been the means of wounding "a mother's heart."

PUT THAT IMPUDENT RASCAL OUT!—While the congregation were collecting at church, on a certain occasion, a child, fatal, fair-haired, with skin and bone individual, was seen wending his way up to a high degree of excellence. In this pew were the family of the minister, and they have had entirely in view the promotion of the public from fatal and pernicious errors, by exposing themselves, as in the practice in some other countries, by secret marks on their paper money, or otherwise, to counterfeiting and fraud. Before it executed, the Bank of England accepts no security which may not be possessed by any one who will make himself acquainted with the following characteristics of the paper, the place where it is manufactured, and the way in which paper is distinguished :—

1. By its color, a peculiar white, such as is neither mid in the shops, nor used for any other purpose. 2. By its *thinness and transparency*, which will be found to be greater than the printed *tertain fool*. There is a peculiar crispness and roughness in Bank of England paper, which enables those who are accustomed to handle it to distinguish instantaneously, by the sense of touch, Bank of England paper and that of any other kind. The wire-mark (or water-mark) is produced in the paper while in the state of pulp; consequently, a forger must procure a mould, and make his own paper. But both the workmanship of the mould and the manufacture of the paper from its intricate surface require the skill of experienced artists. These are not found in the hands of crime, a spurious imitation of the water-mark has to be affixed by a process of a totally distinct character. 4. The *silk threads* are introduced into the substance of the paper at the time when one grain of size has been poured on the mould, and the remainder is poured over them. They are therefore imbedded in the mass of pulp, it is as unlike any imitation as the genuine paper is unlike the wire-mark. The genuine silk threads are continuous, and run from one end of the sheet to the other. The counterfeit silk threads are short, and lie only on the surface of the paper. 5. *By its chemical properties.* There is a peculiar crispness and roughness in Bank of England paper, which enables those who are accustomed to handle it to distinguish instantaneously, by the sense of touch, Bank of England paper and that of any other kind. The wire-mark (or water-mark) is produced in the paper while in the state of pulp; consequently, a forger must procure a mould, and make his own paper. But both the workmanship of the mould and the manufacture of the paper from its intricate surface require the skill of experienced artists. These are not found in the hands of crime, a spurious imitation of the water-mark has to be affixed by a process of a totally distinct character. 4. The *silk threads* are introduced into the substance of the paper at the time when one grain of size has been poured on the mould, and the remainder is poured over them. They are therefore imbedded in the mass of pulp, it is as unlike any imitation as the genuine paper is unlike the wire-mark. The genuine silk threads are continuous, and run from one end of the sheet to the other. The counterfeit silk threads are short, and lie only on the surface of the paper. 5. *By its chemical properties.*

## Selected Articles.

### THE STAR OF HOME.

When twilight lone his homeward path is wending
And sees the gloomy night unsun descending,
Over the trackless moor
When darkness o'er the landscape sways in wreathing,
And mark winds from afar,
Their footsteps in the mountain caves are breathing,
Like monks prepared for war.

There is a star, whose pulse like a burning,
For those who weary roam!
To this, when darkness o'er the sky is turning—
It is the Star of Home.

And when, across the dreary waste of ocean
The lonely bark is driven,
When on the starboard hand, and the rising billow,
Comes the whisper of a lonely pillow
Down in the deep, dark sea!
I know a glorious star, that on the steward takes—
Athwart the coasted foam.
A star, which to the mariner's eye is dearest,
It is the Star of Home.

And thou, like travellers on the plain benighted,
The homeward lamps of kindred love is lighted,
And lend their cheering ray to one,
Set fair in brightness on my native shore,
To cheer's every eye can
I mingle with the throng of life and gladness,
I meet a smile, and join the word-fond's pause,
But still I find myself beneath thy dominion,
And still I feel myself.

### CHARACTERISTICS OF A BANK OF ENGLAND NOTE.

The bank of England note is simple in character, having altered very little in appearance since it was first issued at the end of the seventeenth century. The paper and things in his head," and consequently that she can't allow her Willie to play with him, which experience knows to be false. Such a report is false and malicious; so anybody who knows Mrs. J. and her family will know it to be false. Mrs. J. suggests to Mrs. S. that before making assertions that will be found untrue and libelous, she should be certain that they are just.

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### A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.

We read in Grecian history of a very beautiful custom, which prevailed in ancient times.

Themistocles, the great man and warrior to whom were given the "palm of wisdom and skill," also "the crown of valor," is the first to rest that Spartan possessed," was once driven by the Athenians to Epirus, because supposed to be no longer wish counsellors. He took refuge in the house of Admetus, King of the Molossians, and sat down by the hearth. Soon after, applied to the Queen, and prayed for refuge.—She received him, and in order to *secure* him from the wrath of the authorities of Athens, took the infant in his arms, and bade him sit near the hearth.

This was the most sacred manner of supplication, and held to such reverence by the Molossians, that no subject could refuse it. The best thing we can do is to endeavor to make out a certain number of these items, and we shall find that the whole is full strange!

A. Because there is less volume of combustible gases in the small flame, than in the full blaze.

Q. Why does an *extinguisher* put a candle out?

A. Because the air in the extinguisher is soon *saturated of the oxygen* by the flame; and when there is no oxygen flame goes out.

Q. Why does not a candle set fire to a *powder* keeper touched on extinguished?

A. Because there is too little oxygen in the powder keeper to support combustion.

Q. Why is a *damp* candle never upright?

A. Because it is heat by its own *weight*.

Q. A *long wick* is generally found to affect extinguishers at the top. What does this arise from?

A. The heavy or flowery appearance of the top of a wick, also the presence of *particles partly separated* but still loosely hanging to the wick.

Q. Why do *common candles* require *snuffing*?

A. Because the heat of the flame is not sufficient to consume the whole of the wick.

Q. Why do *wax candles* require *snuffing*?

A. Because the heat of the flame is not sufficient to consume the whole of the wick.

Q. What is the *cause of a candle's* flame